

4. A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.
Young.

5. Love is the strongest thing in the world; even God will follow when you draw with that.

FOR THE THINKERS.

QUESTIONS WELL ANSWERED.

What is the oldest of all things? God—because He always existed. What is the most beautiful? The World—because it is the work of God. What is the greatest of all things? Space—because it contains all that is created. What is the quickest of all things? Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe. What is the most difficult of all things? To know thyself. What is the most constant? Hope—because it still remains with man, after he has lost everything else.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

I.

What animal dropped from the clouds? said Mary to Martha. (The rain, dear.)

II.

Did any one ever hear the dead walk? (Yes, many have heard the Dead March in Saul.)

III.

In what season need we take no care of children? (In winter we may let them slide.)

IV.

From what may the wife of a witty man make butter? (From the cream of his jokes.)

V.

Behold peril and leave a violent passion. (D) anger. Anger.

A CHILD'S ALBUM.

Our Freddy is a wise little boy. Indeed, his name seems to fit him very well, for, when I come to think of it, the Hebrew professor used to tell us that Frederic or "Peaceful" was the English equivalent for Solomon. But you wouldn't flatter Freddy very much if you called him Solomon, because that is the name of a little boy with a crooked nose who once called Freddy "a dirty Christian."

Freddy does some thinking on his own

account. He is at present very much absorbed in philately. Last Xmas Santa Claus brought him a stamp-album and now he has it nearly filled with divers kinds of those little many-hued square bits of paper.

Freddy and his album are inseparable companions. One day I said to him: "Freddy, if you paid so much attention to your prayer-book as you do to that stamp book you would soon be a saint."

"This serves me as a prayer-book," he answered, "in fact I was just lost in meditation when you disturbed me."

"Oh, excuse me then," I replied, "but really I am curious to know how that album has been transformed into a meditation book."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "You see, when I look at those stamps I consider of what value they were and are. Before a two-cent stamp is cancelled, and if I put it on a letter, Uncle Sam at once takes it under his protection, and will carry it all over the continent for me, even to California—and for five cents it will go around the globe. But as soon as it has been smeared by the stamp of some clerk, and once used, it is worthless in the eyes of the government, in fact only fit to be burned. It is the same with our souls. When they are free from the mark of sin God takes them under his protection, and if they remain pure they will reach the end of our journey here—heaven. But as soon as they are defaced with mortal sin, God has nothing to do with them—they are only fit to be destroyed, burnt up in hell. Moreover, the mark of the government reminds me of what I learned in my catechism, namely, that some of the sacraments, especially baptism and confirmation, leave an indelible stamp on our souls whereby we are signed as it were as God's property."

"Bravo, Freddy! You will be a philosopher some day," I interrupted. Not minding me, he continued:

"Besides, all these stamps here have travelled in many directions. They have accompanied letters which were messengers of joy to some—of misery to others. They remind me to thank God for having spared me from the many crosses with which He has been pleased to afflict others. If any of those stamps are mutilated they are useless to me—they must be perfect. It's the same in our duties to God. We